

## MASQUERADE BALLS.

THEIR FASCINITIONS AND POPU-LARITY-COSTUMES.

New York Art League "Costume Parties." Characters-Twelfth Night Parties

There is a mastery about a masquerade all which, though frequently disapproved of by creir elects, is always fascinat-

is no harm in it. No more is it tomable for a boy or girl of frem to eighteen to gratify a family a part of the childles imagination et lost Children grow old fast a and if they want to "make beat twenty it is a sign that their are still fresh and young, and be encouraged.

A more emberate costume is that of the time of Madame Pompadour, from whom, by the way, date two well-known things—the pompadour style of dressing the hair and the saying. "After us, the deline"

This costume has a skirt with an overdress draped panier fashlon. Around the
botton is a full double rache of stiff tarlatan. Three hows set one above another
trim the front of the skirt. The bodice

And all the while I did but smile.

And left it there. has a decidedly long point in front with a soft, mull drapery around the low heek. She went her way with no word said, finished with bown. The sleeves resemble Nor little guessed

soft, mull drapery around the low neck, finished with bows. The sleeves resemble those were now and are made of mull gathered close a few inches below the shoulder. The hat is higher in the crown than is fushiomable now, and as feathers on top and under the brim. The fluffy hows on the high heeled slippers give a very festive air to the costume.

Two very striking costumes for a boy and girl are those worn by the people of Somlan. The girl wears a skirt of striped red and white slik which is so narrow that it almost suggests frousers, while the boy's sulf is a very full emptre dress over a sult of brown trausers and red stockings. The girl wears brown shoes and stockings with shiny bracelets on her ankles. Other details can be gathered from the picture.

Now is the time for such parties as these I have mentioned, and in New in the strip about the little home. I should have declined with

Than am 1.
With my blue eyed, laughing baby
Trundling by.
I hide his face, lest she should see
The cherub boy and envy me.

Her fine bushand has white fingers.

Mine has not.

He could give his bride a palace;

Mine a cot.

Hers comes home beneath the starlight.

Ne'er caresses she.

Mine comes home in purple twillight,

Klases me.

And prays that he who turns life's sands

Will hold his loved ones in his hands.

She has those who love her. Station None have i.
But I've one true heart beside me-Gind am i.
I'd not chause it for a kingdom; No, not 1. God will weigh it in his balance

God will weign by

By and by,

And then the difference he'll define

Twixt Mrs. Lofty's wealth and mine.

—Mrs. C. Gildersiceve.

Neglected Education. Ah, had I but have learned to skate, I had not known this wee.

Nor been condemned to sit and wait while she doth flashing go Across the lake in graceful flight, Like ships to other lands.

With hated rivals holding tight
To both her little hands.

-thetroit News.

Women of Literary Prumise, The present progress of American was f

York they will be copular from now until Lent, when the craze will culminate on the eve of Ash-Wednesday in the French Ball, which is a source of great merriment to both participants and onlookers.

ANNIE LAURIE WOODS.

Mrs. Loty keeps a carriage.
So do I.

She has dapple grays to draw it.
None have I.

She's no prouder with her coachman Than am I.

With my blue eyed, laughing baby

Trunding an I.

With my blue eyed, laughing baby

Trunding as laughing baby

Trunding an I.

As a result they look a good deal like

The newer the children are so young as still to require nursery diet; in short, although it is true that "He setteth the solitary in families." they are very often small families.

The newest London-made baby carriages are finished off in hard woods and high varnish and dark colors, just like any other kind of respectable carriage.
As a result they look a good deal like

Then over the land

As a result they look a good deal like little coffins.

Business Woman.

In this department we shal be glad to publish communications received from business women-letters-inquires, or sug-

To prevent shoes from making holes

To keep the hair in crimp take two cents' worth of gum arabic and add to it just enough boiling water to dissolve it. When it is dissolved add alcohol until the mixture is rather thin. Let it stand over night and then bottle. Moisten the bair with it before curling and it will remain in crimp on damp days. The mixture is not injurious to the hair.



FRENCH GARB OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

memorable by one of the most unique entertainments ever given.

Her invitations were couched in old English and read something like this: "Ye shul be right welcum at ye ledgings of Mistress Joanes on ye eve of Twelvth Night at ye rynginge of ye Curfewe."

A "wasvall bow!" of "kimble well-given with the stay of "kimble well-given with the stay arrived are minemored with the sense of the revenited was provided, and a pass memore old with the stay arrived. The roor in-dance with the stay arrived are minemored with the stay arrived are minemored with the stay arrived are the province of the dance, and clowns and lesters in ribbons and bells gave the zeene a very stage of etc.

Everything was done in good old English style even to the refreshments.

The costumes represented all sorts of historical necessanges. There was King John and King Lear stepped out of pleure books and tripped the undistinted voorrie-dance as lively as any. Mary Tudo, Gueen of England, sert in an immense card with gilded tobacco seal pasted out it as an emblem of rorally. There was a some from Midsmore Night's Dream, where Hotton and he feitend as guests of the resting and the barted rival Madame from Midsmor Night's Dream, where Hotton and he feitend as guests of the remains they were perceitaing.

Costumes of the time of Louis XV and XV. are specially well admired to youth ful masqueraders.

A French mediste of Marie Antoinette's time wears a full gared skirt of flowered Sik-juts such silk as it displayed in the windows nowadays. The bodice has a full hasque and a vest with six fance buttons. A sort drapers of white mis goes around the neck and is gathered in at the top of the vest. With the evening enough the proposition was a full basque and a vest with six fance buttons. A sort drapers of white mis goes around the neck and is gathered in at the top of the vest. With the evening enough the proposition in four many the healthy papers and magain goes around the neck and is gathered to be a subject of the bright constellation when the windows

Last night she dropped a red, red rose

men in literary work is a very gratifying tween the thumb and the blade of a

in stretch of ground, and, as the soil of Ireland is proverbilally fertile, the ship's company proceeded to put it to good use by planting a stock of garden truck in it—cableges, below, turnips, radishes, lettice, peak, beans, &c. The seeds came up all right, and the plants flourished finely, and, when the ship was in the tropics, grew with great rapidity. As they progressed toward the Horn, and the weather grew cooler, things came to perfection rapidly. The crew and ship's apprentices amused themselves by weeding and cultivating the planta, and the Capital garden daily, and all had green vegetables to their hearts content.

As they came around the Horn, the garden was replanted, and by the time they reached the equator everything was abloom, and all hands feasted on fresh vegetables daily. The only—to the garden were the vessels which green

cles; but when the pigs got into the gar-den there was mor pounding on forecastle scuttles with handauther end blowing of beatswains whistles than if the shin had been laid aback by a typhoon or all the massis had been carried away, and every alcoper was aroused to help get the pigs our of the garden.

The last pig was killed and served up with green vegatables just before the

he green regetables just before the whan entered the Columbia. On the total of the Mowhan here, the Irish was discharged on the elevator compass dock and piled up neatly so that pany's dock and piled up neatly so that any extled patriot who desires a bit of the "ould soil" can be accommodated. The pile will doubtless be covered with shamtocks in the spring and will furnish boutonnieres for a whole St. Patrick's day moccession. Doubtless many a sack of it will be carried off to fill flower pots, &c. Although it comes from the "black nath," it is still the real "ould sod."—Morning Origonian.

## eth, it is a straing Oragonian. Fighting Days Over.

"In case of war with England, Colo-

"No," replied the Colonel, sadly, "I far my day is over. Only yesterday I fired at a man and missed him; and

# Valuable Candles.

Mother—"Augusta, the doctor tells me those candiesticks you saw at his dinner have married off six young lades."
Argusta (with interest)—"Do you suppose he could be induced to lend them, mamma "—Harper's Bazar. Public Benefitetor.

"Brown is weak financially, isn't he?"
"He hasn't much money, but he gives employment to a great many men."
"Who are they?" "Other people's bill collectors."-Brook-

If I knew the box where the smiles are No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
Twould open, I know, for me;
Then over the land and sea broadcast,

I'd scatter the smiles to play. That the children's faces might hold them fast For many and many a day.

To hold all the frowns I meet, I would like to gather them every one, From nursery, school and street; Then, folding and holding, I'd pack them

And, turning the menster key.
I'd hire a giant to drop the box To the depth of the deepest sea,

## Editor's Letter.

Dear children:
The January Puzzie Prizes will be 1.
Outfit of Chemical Wonders, consisteing of fifteen boxes of chemicals and the necessary apparatus and instructions for performing many brilliant experiments, including artificial thunder, miniature light. o keep the hair in crimp take two is worth of gum arabic and add to just enough boiling water to dissolve When it is dissolved add alechol until mixture is rather thin. Let it stand r night and then bottle. Moisten hair with it before curling and it will ain in crimp on damp days. The mixis is not injurious to the hair. Take a few of the flues between the contain-boiling water and shake them energeting through the steam, not allowing to become too damp. This freshens to the come to damp. This freshens to the come too damp. This freshens to the come to to the c

Out of the Mail Pag.

CREWE, VA.

Dear Mr. Editor:
With mamma's help, I hope I have this puzzle right. It is no 580.
I am a little boy seven years old, and am going to school. My teacher says i learn very fast.
We had a big fire here this morning. The oil house to the railroad shops burnt up. My papa is the foreman of thes shops and he went over to help put the fire out, and when he came home his clothes was ice from his head to his feet. You would not like to been in his fix such a cold ratering, would your Mamma says I must stop as you will get tired and throw this in the waste basket, but I hope you will not do that, as this is the first time. I have ever written to you.

The strength of they take the form of human beings, they take the form of human beings. This letter-writer says he saw one kite male to initiate a mud-turtle. That certainty was not artistic, and the Chinese are an artistic people.

A joy little stranger
Is in the town to-day:
He came last night at troke o' twelve,
So I hear them say:
And every one is smiling
As merry as you please;
Pleasant words are dying, too,
Like leaflets in a breeze.
Walk and drive about;
Young folks, old folks, hoys and girls, have ever written to you. Hoping you will have a Happy New

THOMAS C SHORTT.
The handwriting of this nice little letter toils us that Thomas is a very small man, indeed, and we are all the more gratified at this interest. It may encourage him to know that his answer to No. 60 is correct.

## That Awfu! Boy. BY MADA MAITLAND.

Mrs. Maitlan's pretty rooms looked so bright and cheery on that chilly Novem-her night when, with all the warmth of lier hospitable nature, she welcomed the numbers of the Maitland mission school was remarking: "Of all bad bays, that Charlie Taylor

"Well, what is to be done with him?" inquired Mr. Maitland, the kind supjerin-

Change him to another class," sugges-"Frighten him Into better behavior,"

"Frighten him Into better behavior," came from another.

"Turn him out as a hopeless case," Mr. Flood, his teacher, exclaimed.

Judge Burnham's pretty daughter, seated in the shadow of a cosy corner, here came into view, and with her earnest and happy manner entreated:

"Of please don't think of that, Mr. Flood, Is it not the object of our mission to rectain just such boys? Your suggestion savors of fallure, and failure where God is concerned charges us with lack of faith."

It was quite a long speech for the young

sion to resource of famous, where God is concerned charges us where God is concerned charges us where God is concerned charges us while lack of faith."

It was quite a long speech for the young girl, but her earnest manner made her words felt. Even Mr. Flood, the gay young lawyer, with his warm heart and impulsive manner, felt sobered, and with a laugh, peculiarly his own, repiled:

"Certainly not, Miss Eurnham: we will banish all thoughts of dismissal, and think of some nobler plan."

In twillight's hush when silent falls

The dew-drops from night's tiller urn, The wanderer seeks home's restful halls where bright the cheerful heart-dres hurn.

Before him beams the lighted page That speaks of love and smile and cheer; While fancied bower and fabled fane

Lost all their borrowed brightness here.

wful boy?"
"I know he sings some," one of the achers remarked; "why not interest him teachers remarked; "why not interest him by asking him to sing at our coming so A hearty laugh followed this suggestion

A hearty laugh Ionowed this suggestion, the idea seemed so ludicious, but Miss Burnham did not join in it, and her earnest mainter impressed the rest. After further discussion, that "awful boy" was builded over to Miss Burnham.

handed over to Miss Burnham.

A very pleasant evening was spent, in which all the workers exchanged ideas, and many helpful thoughts were given. As Mr. Flood escorted Miss Burnam home, the subject of the evening was talked of again, and with a shake of her pretty head in saying good night, she called after him: "In praying for our school, remember particularly our bad boy, Mr. Flood."

Flood."
With all the fun gene from his face he renied, "I will, Miss Jeante."
Sunday came, and it was with feelings of disappointment Miss Burnham noticed Charlie's seat vacant. After all her prayers and thoughts, a feeling of regret did creep in, and the lesson to her girls had not the life she usually put into it. had not the life she usually put into it. Leaving the mission school before the closing hymn was sung, she came face to face with the subject of her thoughts in the narrow street. He had a dog harnessed to a sleigh, and with anything but choice language was urging the poor brute on. Catching sight of Miss Burnham, he desilated, for Charlie had a certain reverence for the pretty girl, who always bowed to him even, as he expressed it, "When she is cutting it high in her carriage, with some of those heavy swells." "Now is my chance," Jeanie thought, and with a prayer she advanced to meet the hov.

"O, Charlie! you are just the boy I want to see. You know our social comes off next month, and I do so want you to help

mext month, and I do so want you to the me by singing for us."

The boy's face was a study for a few seconds, and when he could stand it no longer he gave vent to his feelings in a long, low whistle.

Miss Burnham only smiled, and kept telling him how she was counting on his belp. Time would not permit me to record all that conversation, but when Miss with the conversation.

belp. Time would not permit me to record all that conversation, but when Miss Burnham and Charlie parted it was with the understanding that Charlie was to call at Judge Burnham's the next afternoon.

Monday came, and the trim little housemald at Dunden ushered not one, but two, very rough-looking boys into Miss Jeanle's pretty parlor. For once Charlie was troubled with bashfulness, and at the last moment had persuaded his chum in mischief, Fred Cotton, to join him.

In a few minutes Miss Burnham, with her ready tact, had set the boys quite at ease.

her ready fact, had set the boys quite at ease.

"Now, then, boys, what about that song!" Janie inquired. "Have you any, 'I wonder, that would do, for we have hardly time to get up new ones?"

Charlie confessed to sinsins. "The Home Down on the Farm," and Fred admitted he sometimes sang. "You Can't Play in our Yard," so to the plane they went, and it was amusing to note the effect the ac-

companiment to their songs had on those young street Arabs.

With a great deal of reputation and perseverance they acquitted themselves fairly well, and it would be hard to find two prouder boys. A cosy grate fire was burning in the sitting-room, and thither the trio went to have a pop-corn party and enjoy a chat. Jeanie learned much of the boys' past life in that short hour, and, better still, she won their confidence, which was the best thing accomplished that afternoon.

that afternoon.

After two more practicings the boys were pronounced ready for the social.

The eventful night had come, and the Maitland Mission school was looking its best for the occasion. The supper had been a big success, and now they are ready for the programme. An opening address in a few well-chosen words is given by the superintendent, a recitation by a member of the infant class, and then it is announced: that afternoon.

member of the infant class, and then it is announced:

"The next item on the program will be a song by Master Charlie Taylor."

A look of asterishment passed over the faces of most of the audience, which gave lie's tricks. Imagine the surprise when with all his night and in good style he told his audience of "The Home Down of the Farm." To say he received very hearty applause expresses it but poorly, and Charlie felt for the first time in his life the pleasure of seing worthy of respect. This seemingly very small event was a turning-point in Charlie's life, and in school over after he was a help to his teacher, where once he had been a hindrance. A year later, wen Mr. Flood and his pretty bride, our old friend Miss Burnham, went West to make their home, they carried one wedding present that touched

carried one wedding present that touched both their hearts. It was a brand-new corn-popper with the following note: "From your chum as will not soon for-get you, Charles Taylor."—Onward.

# A Nation of Kite-Sakers.

A Vation of Kite-Sakers.

The Chinese are a nation of kite-makers. No people in the world understand kite-making as well as the Chinese. A letter received from china recently says that the kite-flying season has begun, and describes two kites seen there this season. One was a great crimson butterfly measuring over two feet across the wings. This butterfly was most graceful as it floated in the air. The other kite was a dragon-fly with a long, spindling body and broad wings. The common kites imitate the bird and insect world, and sometimes they take the form of human beings. This letter-writer says he saw one kite

Young folks, old folks, boys and girls
All are mustered out.
No one thinks to give a frown;
Skies and eyes are bright;
E'en the prim old gate-posts,
Having donned their caps of white,
Wear the jaunty, pointed things,
With an air of glee.
You would laugh as well as I,
If you chanced to see!
Every face is full of fun,
Every heart is gay.

Every heart is gay:
All small quarrels are forgot—
Forgotten let them stay:
Rub the old score out, my dear,
Begin anew to-slay.

Prize Puzzle Column.

Prize Puzzle Column,

566.—CHARADE.

Dressed all in whits, with one shy rose Pinned on her dainty muslin gown,
Fair Genevieve demurely goes

Along the bloom-started lane to town. The morning air is cool and sweet,

And trangull with the peace of fall,
But oh! how fast her pulses beat!

She's going to make a morning call!

The ripened TWO hang brown and low; Afar is heard the mower's song; The blooms that by her pathway blow Nod greetings as she trips along.
And as I pause within the shade.
And lean above the garden wall,
I likewise greet the little maid
Who goes to make a morning call.

nd we she as my reading call.

Together make the morning call.

ROMERO.

When parted long from home and own.
He from the sunset hills looks back.
Where life has day by day been strown.
In shreds long memory's 'ventful track:
He sees the fire on WHOLE that burnedThat lift his home and cheered his breast;
And owns-too late the truth is learned"Tis only here that ONE HATH RES".
LARRY.

## 508 -A CRAZY QUOTATION.

(Substitute a letter in the right place in each word.)

"The profess on direction, is O wave bean unformed be anacomical griends, it ode on thy must wanderful corks if rature. A go hot snow hog is a nay by pith others, bus in it o threat satinfaction do my so knew, whin regazing an me bumble care, what A as cutting on notion she mist eautiful machinety was whish me gave ary acquainnance. O veally neel it much tires at in O has hoing I purile sermist cautiful machinety was whish me-gave any acquainnance. O veally neel it much tires at in O has hoing i purile ser-tice. Then a cave round mypelf ap, of A ray explory suck a tern, sand Dr. Packstiff, wish exquirite texterness, 'aid knew chat A as Goins, O peel what it she lonly Mr. Stubbs in the study, working

His buckles to the beadle.

And it belongts to ma.

Of sable brow, a gnarled gnome—
A dwelling piace abysmal;
A caliban who makes its home
In grottoes dark and dismal.
It lightens labor of his load
By playing Moloch cruel;
And yet 'tis mine, this ugly toad
Whose head-piece hides a jewel.
Yes, it belongs to me!

—WM. WILSON.

570.-ARITHMETICAL.

Two numbers I would have you take; Two-thirds the less will the greater

make.
These numbers I would have you guess,
For the greater's three times one-half
the less.
Now, can you make these statements

could heat me then.

He made not half a dozen moves—the game was lost and won,

And now I wish you'd tell me how the pesky trick was done.
-SWAMP ANGEL.

573-PUZZLE NOBILITY.

W like to see, SIR ONE upon our table With SIR TWO crisp and brown; And no SIR THREE is left, for we are To finish all set down.

On SIR FOUR white and dainty, SIR, FIVES offer Choice viands for our feast. Mar joility, at least. In our SIR SIX let no SIR SEVEN scof-

A fine SIR EIGHT we like to hear on

Sunday About the dread SIR NINE; But I SIR TEN that when it comes to

We can't recall a line. -CEPHAS.

574.-NUMERICAL.

To hear his loud 1-2-2-3-4 At church you'd think he was a saint, Yet 2-2-4 knew well the poor He robbed, unheeding each complaint.

He thought his 3-4-5 was near. And like the prodigal he prayed To One who never fails to hear.

To 2-3-4-5 he began, And likewise I to 5 his ways:--In truth he's now another man,
And oft at service humbly prays.

2-4-5-6-7 are his fears; With joyful heart he hopes for heaven: His works proclaim through passing

He's 1-2-3-4-5-6-7.

Marriage in Pittsylvania,

relatives, left for Danville, their future home.

Mr. Ferrell is an employe of the Danville Register, and is very popular.

Mr. John R. Chaney, a prominent farmer of this place and school trustee for Dan River township, has recently sold his farm and removed to Edgecomb county, N. C., near Rocky Mount.

Rev. Mr. Hedley preaches in the Baptist church on the third Sundays in each mouth, prayer-meeting on Wednesday and Sunday nights of each week, and Sunday school every Sunday morning.

The ice harvest has been plenteous, all the ice-houses have been filled in this section, and skating by the young people has been greatly enjoyed.

Wayted to the Her.

Wanted to See Her.

Castleton-'I want to call on Miss Red-bud, and I came away and forgot my

cards."
Tutter—"Why not use one of mine?"
Castleton—"No, old man; I want to see her."-Harper's Bazar. What Dropped?

"Garrah," asked Mrs. West, where did all those broken dishes come from?" "I dropped the tray of indestructible chim, marm," answered Hannah, meek-ty,—Detroit Free Press.

Only Stubbs at Work.

Visitor—"What is that horrible noise, Mrs. Stubbs?" Don't mind that; it's



MASQUERADING COSTUMES FROM LONDON. lesion afforged my thy porks pithin be, A over some of his Christmas carols into at i Benepactor do by Kine."—Fickens. comic Valentines. Chicago Record.

> Her Hardest Work. "Pilcher, does your wife do much work when she is at home?"

"Of course; merely staying at home is hard work for her."—Chicago Record.

She—"I notice that it is the single men who are most anxious to go to war."

He—"Yes; they don't know what war is."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CRITIC'S COLUMN.

DEVOTED TO COMMENT UPON CUR-

RENT PUBLICATIONS.

Reflections and Comments "-" Story of The Earth "-" Child's Garden."

"REFLECTIONS AND COMMENTS"—
1853-1895. By Edwin Lawrence Godkin.
Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.
20.0. For sale by West, Johnston

Company.

This admirable volume consists of a reproduction, almost in chronological order, of articles contributed by Mr. God-kin to the "nation" during the last thir-

For the greater's three times one-half the less.

Now, can you make these statements agree.

And prove that two-thirds equals half of three?

—E. R. B.

ETL—SQUARE.

1. A King of Scotland. 2. Loss of the power of speaking. 3. Having a lower price. 4. Amphibious rodents valued for their fur 5. To arraign. 6. The male of their fur 5. To arraign. 6. The male of the peregrine falcon. 7. Roughly.

—F. L. S.

"Across the board" from one well-known by every man in town.

To be an expert "checkerist," I for a game sat down.

He made the first move, as the one who plays the black men should, and when we'd played a little while the board as follows stood:

On one, thirteen, and fourteen sat three black men tried and true;
Another one at fifteen and at twenty-seven, too.

Besides these five, a sable king was holding home on the present venepheld by men of nine.

With twenty-two and twenty-three, and yet a couple more on thirty and on thirty-one—my king at twenty-four.

Though his the move he had but six while I had seven men, and as I live I never thought that he could heat me then.

He made not half a dozen moves—the game was lost and won,

States.

In it he pays his respects to "the su-States.

In it he pays his respects to "the superiority of manners in all classes" which he says, "is very striking." "One rarely meets a man on a Virginia road" he proceeds, "who does not raise or touch his hat, and this not in a servile way, either, but simply as politeness. The bearing of the men toward each other generally, too, has the ineffable charm, which northern manners are so apt to want, of indicating a recognition of the fact that even if you are no better than any other man, you are different, and that your peculiarities are respectable, and that you are entitled to a certain amount of defference for your private tastes and habits."

At the North, on the other hand, manners, even as taught to children, are apt to concede nothing, except that you have an immortal soul and a midding chance of salvation.

CHILD GARDEN OF VERSES: Illu-

an immertal soul and a middling chance of salvation.

CHILD GARDEN OF VERSES: Hiustrated. Robert Louis Stevenson, Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 11.50. For sale by West, Johnston & Co.

The popularity of this book of Mr. Stevenson, in which he enters through naive and simple poetry into the childworld of make-believe, will be widely increased, we are sure, now that, in the person of Mr. Charles Robinson, an artist of ability, has accompanied him with

person of Mr. Charles Robinson, an artist of ability, has accompanied him with profuse illustrations. The book was one predestined to illustration, and, as lately published by Messrs. Scribner, contains more than 150 illustrations, bound in a handsome cover, with a design in gold by Mr. Robinson, and with gilt top.

The praise bestowed upon the poems by the critics has been deservedly high, and general. They embody the very spirit of childhood—its blitheness, its innoceuce, its buoyancy—and, as Mr. Edmond Clarence Stedman well says—"apring from the surphisage of a genlus that created nothing void of charm and originality." THE STORY OF THE EARTH IN PAST AGES. By H. G. Seeley, F. R. S. D. Appieton & Company. New York. 40 cents. For sale by West, Johnston & Company.

Marriage in Pittsylvania.

I.AUREL GROVE, VA. Jan. 10.—Special.—At 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon Miss Virgie F. Dodson, a charming young lady of this place and daughter of Mr. Paul H. Dodson, Sr., was married to Mr. villiam Hodges Ferrell, of Danville, Va. The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. C. T. Dodson in the Baptist courch, which had been handsomely decorated for the occasion by friends of the bride and groom.

A large crowd was present from Danville and surrounding country. The wedding march was sweetly rendered by Miss Alice Bennett, of Danville.

After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Ferrell, together with many friends and relatives, left for Danville, their future home.

W. Kerrell is an employe of the Danville and surrounding the georgian part of the paragraphy and lecturer on geology and minerology in King's College, London, gives all that is most important regarding the geological history of the earth, this endeavor being to make its past his endeavor being to make its past his contains and and provided in the In this admirably condensed, and small volume, Mr. Seeley, who is professor of geography and lecturer on geology and minerology in King's College, London, gives all that is most important regarding the geological history of the earth, with accuracy, simplicity and directness, his endeavor being to make its past history the key to the explanation of its present condition. It has, in our opinion, an educational value far out of proportion to its size, which is exceedingly

contains add much to its interest. From every standpoint, it is an excellent piece of work, calculated, we think, to have an extended circulation and permanent popularity, especially with the student class. HOUSEKEEPERS AND MOTHERS

MANUAL. By Mrs. Gen. Thomas I., Rosser. Published and for sale by the Everett Waddey Company. Richmond, Va.

The book is beautifully and substantially bound in dark bine cloth and gold, and contains over six-hundred pages, and in it Mrs. Rosser, has well sustained her reputation as a thorough "old Virginian" housekeeper.

Most excellently does she cater to the appetities of the sick and infirm as well.

appetites of the sick and infirm, as well as give aid and succor to the robust, by appeasing hunger and thirst. There are in the hook hundreds of re-liable hints for the household and many

remedies for relieving ailments of all kinds. There is also a large store of advice about the nursery, the sick-room, the dairy and all other departments of

the dairy and all other departments of a well organized home.

Notwithstanding the fact that there are already many cook-books on the markets. Mrs. Rosser's new work will meet with a warm welcome, especially from the housekeepers of Virginia not alone because of the name of the author, but because the work possesses such merit as to make it of great value.

BLACK SPIRITS AND WHITE. A book of ghost stories. Corvation Series. Reof ghost stories. Corvation Series. By Ralph Adams Cram. Stone & Kimball, Chicago, publishers. For sale by book-

chicago, published.

As to the character of the book a paragraph from its contents is sufficient: I paused and listened. The door opened with a muffled creak, closed again, and I heard the lock turn rustily. I would bave died now, before getting in that bed again, so I stood trembling and listened, listened to heavy stealthy steps creeping along the other side of the bed. There was a rush in the air by my face, the was a rush in the air by my face, the sound of a blow and simultaneously a shriek so awful, so dispairing, so blood curdling, that I felt my senses leaving me again, as I sunk crouching on the floor by the bed."

Proprietor-"Where is the book-keep-

office-boy-"He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby was asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like."-Louisville Truth.

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Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1855.

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